*At the Big House," a Collection of Animal Folk Tales of the South, by Miss Culbertson.

ROBERT LOUETT'S LATEST

Richard Gresham, a Strong and Interesting Book-Other New Publications-Magazines.

AT THE BIG HOUSE. By Anne Virginia Culbertson. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ill. For sale by the Bell Book and Sta-

For sale by the Bell Book and Sulilonery Company.

At the Big House is a collection of
animal folk-tales of the South—the sort
that Uncle Remus would have been glad
to tell if they had been 'Rotched in de
cornders uf his 'memb'ance." They are
in no sense an imitation or a reproduction
of his delightful yarns, but a supplement
to them, the completion of the Southern
lore. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris says that
Miss Culbertson has got all the stories.

RICHARD GRESHAM, By Robert Moras Lovett. Published by Macmillan & Company, of New York and London. For sale by the Bell Book and Sta-

Under the title given above, Mr. Lovett

lias written a very strong and a very interesting book, though the latter half of it does not altogether attain to the standard established in the leading chapters.

Richard Gresham is described first as a little boy, with his arms about his father's neck, bidding goodbye to him as to a man who is about to turn his back on his life's responsibilities and duties. Here Dick is a pathetic figure, one that awakeens the sympathy of the reader, whose the sympathy of the reader, whose heart is alive to the demands made upon it by the filial grier of small humanity. After the goodbye Mr. Lovett tells one that "as Dick turned back into the house, the telephone bell began to ring—one, two, three, four, five. Dick put a chair because sine believed the New England home, where she and her baby, three, four, five. Dick put a chair because sine believed the New England home, where she and her baby, three, four, five. Dick put a chair because sine believed the New England home, where she and her baby, three, four, five. Dick put a chair because sine believed the New England home, where she and her baby, three, four, five. Dick put a chair because sine believed the New England home, where she and her baby, three, four, five. Dick put a chair because sine believed the New England home, where she and her baby, three, four, five. Dick put a chair because sine believed the New England home, where she and her baby, the first his Mr. Gresham's? Is Mr. Gresham ther? Can I speak to him? the questions came.

"Yo, he's gone," replied Dick.
"Yo, he's gone, when death to house, when death to the city by the electrics. Be a one three should be a proposable, when death to the city by the electrics. Be a one

The control of the co

that is gone through with, as Eleanor Somers' real character is gradually revealed, probably comes from the fact that the book is realistic, not idealistic, and that being so, one sees through its medium life and not romance.

1 Charles

MILLER & RHOADS'S BOOK NEWS.

ALL THE NEW BOOKS ON DATE OF FUBLICATION. BOOKS REVIEW-ED ON THIS PAGE FOR SALE BY US.

POPULAR SUMMER FICTION.

Daphne and Her Lad, 90c.; The Castaway, \$1.00. "Sue Terry," a story of love and ambition, by Miss Margaret Ryan, of this city, an exceptionally good story; our special price 99c. copy. Bred in the Bone, by Thomas Nelson | The Cost, by David Graham Phillip. Page Bred in the Bone, by Thomas Nelson | Page, The Crossing, by Winston Churchill. The Bright Face of Danger, by Robert Neilson Stephen.

ALL AT \$1.09 COPY. The Real New York, by Rufert Hughes, with 100 interesting and amusing illustrations; a good story and guide to the hig city; cloth bound, \$1.50.

Special fall announcements—We are taking orders on the following, all to be delivered on date of publication: Old Gordon Graham; More Lettera The Clansman, by Thos. Dixon, Jr.

of a Self-Made Merchant to His Bon, The Last Hope, by Henry Seton Mer-riman. The Undercurrent, by Robert Grant. by George Horace Lorimer.

All at \$1.08 copy. Dummies of these on show in our Book Department. MILLER & RHOADS' BOOK STORE-Basement.

Leslie's Monthly for September has as a prominent feature a sketch of Henry Gassway Davis written by Joseph Ohl and Illustrated by a copy from a portrait of Mr. Davis. An article in this magaine of decided interest to women appears under the title of. "The Naugntliness of Children." E. B. Martin is the author of it. The drawings are well done by Florence Wyman. Other writers for the month are: Vivian Nordaunt, in a poem—"Along the Way!" Rex E. Beach, in "When Northern Lights Come Down O' Nights; William Holloway, in "The Problem of the Iridescent Maze;" Henry M. Hyde, in "Peter Potter;" Judge Henry A. Saute, in "The Country Lawyer!" Edwin L. Sabin, in "Chapters ii, ill., iv. of "The Prospector!" J. Adam Bede, in "Side-Stepping the Vice-Presidency:" ton II. Perdicarls, in "In Raissull's Hands:" Henry M. Hyde, in "The Resull's Hands:" Henry M. Hyde, in "The New Secretary of the Navy!" Arthur Bears Henning, in "The Conspientious Boss:" Henry C. Rewland, in "The Strategy of Abbington;" Margaret Busbee Shipp, in "Victory;" Richard Kirk, in "Fame," a poem; Ellis Parker Butler, "In the Next Cot;" John Fleming Wilson, in "Jimmy, Hick's Patent;" W. H. Hunter, in "By Way of Comment," and Annie Payson Call in "The Preedom of Life."

The September numbers of "The Delineator" and "The Designer" are very bright, with excellent illustrations and much valuable information and suggestion in regard to misummer and autumn styles. The literary and household departments of both magazines merit decided praise for their real excellence. The September issue of "What To Eat," a monthly magazine sent out by the Plerce Publishing Company, of Chicago, is one of the most helpful and clever of such publications, and makes a high bid through its attractive form and contents for popular favor.

The Magazines.

The September Smart Set, brilliant and entertaining as usual, offers to its readers the following time table of contents:

The Mission of Mr Bustage Greyne, Robert Hichard. Achievement, Madison Cawein: Eluder. Charles Hanson Towne; Gran'father Coquesne, Cosmo Hamilton; A Love Letter, Samuel Minturn Peck; Answer to Correspondent, Carolys Wells: The Philosophers of the Go-Cart, Geraldine Anthony: The Meadow, Arthur Davison Ficke; Miss Quigley, Tobacconist, J., Bell: The Cradle Child, Edit Mr Thonas: "A Woman, a Spaniel and a Walnut Tree," Virginia Woodward Cloud; Ifer Miror, Edwin L. Sabin: A Demonstration in Sloyd, Philip Verrill Mighels; Idaalism and Realism, T. Harrington Price As It Was in the Beginning, William Osmona Cone: The Doing and the Uconta, Jane Findlay Evans; Esperance, Victoria, Jacques de Beaufort; The Maximo Amonda Cone: The Doing and the Uconta, Jane Findlay Evans; Depenance of Methuselah, Geleit Burgess; Dream Ships, Charlotte Elizabeth Wells? Paganism, Reginald Wright Keuffman, The Insia, Story of II, Rebecca Harding Davis; A Farewell, Margaret Johnson; One Kiss, Carlton Stuart; The Major and I, Tom Masson; "Yours Till Death," Martha Glibert Dickinson Banchi; The Henchman, Theodore Roberts; The Stage at the Present Moment, David Belasco; Pulfillment, Edward W. Barnard; With a Clear Conscience, Berry Pain; For One Who Loves Too Much, Will, McCourtle; La Coupe, Paul et Victor Margueritie; A Fragment, Allan Munier; A Natural Conclusion. Theodosa Garrison; Proving the Negalive, Madeline Bridges; A Man and Two Women, Johnson White, The Serenade, McLandburgh Wilson; The Wisdom of a Satyr, Mabel Jakin Patterson; A Twentieth Contury Passion, Bertrand W. Babcock. The cover design for the September Pearsons is done by F, X. Chambertin, and the frontispiece is the work of Cyrus Cunco, illustrative of Halliwell Sutcliffer Story, Was Letter, The Last of Custer," from "War Wilson, The Last of Custer," from "War Wilson, The Last of Custer," from "War Wilson, "Cashier 18," by H. Barett Smith;

ABOUT BOOKS AND WRITERS

Miss Ellen Glasgow, whose new novel, "The Deliverance," is one of most suc-cessful books of the year, has gone to Ger-many to spend the summer.

Harry Leon Wilson, the author of "The Seeker," is spending the summer at Wal-pole, N. H., where his chief diversions are cross country walking and boxing.

Mr. G. H. Lorimer, the creator of the famous "self-made merchant," whose second volume of letters, entitled "old Gorgon Graham," is to be published in the fall by Doubleday, Page & Company, is rustleating at Wyncote, Pa. Ernest Thompson Seton is contributing a series of articles on the ways of woodcraft to Country Life in America, and Walter J. Travis, the world's amateur golf champion, writes on some interesting phases of the game in each number of the same magazine.

Lincoln Steffens is still on the trail of the "Enemies of the Republic." He is now making a study of politics and govern-ment in Wisconsin, having recently com-pleted a study of Illinois, which appears in the August M'Clure's.

the front in a volume of short storic.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford has bestowed upon his new story of modern Roman and Sicilian life the rather sensational little of "Whosoever Shall Offend." The new collected edition of Mr. Swinburne's works, including his dramas and some of his prose writings, will be gublished in America by Harper. M. Jusserand, the Tremen ambassador to the United States, has reached the conclusion of his "Literary History of the English People."

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with arairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Professor Charles Dilot Norton,

No. 268.

SELECTIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.



HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON LIFE AND DEATH.

To be, or not to be,—that is the question:—

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer.

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more:—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dram;—ay, there's the rub!
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
What we have shuffled of this mortal coll,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life!
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, 'the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
'No, traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied ce'r with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn a-wry,
And lose the name of action.

HAMLET'S ADDRESS TO HIS FATHER'S GHOST.

NGELS and ministers of grace defend us!—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned, Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell, Be thy intents wicked or charitable.

Thou comest in such a questionable shape. That I wil speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet, King, father, royal Dane! O, answer me:

Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death, Have burst their cerements! Why the sepulchre, Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned, Hatn oped his ponderous and marble jaws, To cast thee up again! What may this mean, That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel, Revisitest thus the glimbses of the moon, Making night hideous; and we fools of nature, So horribly to shake our disposition.

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

HAMLET'S ESTEEM FOR HORATIO.

AY, do not think I flatter:

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing
A man that fortune buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

MUSIC.

F music be the food of love, play on:

Give me excess of it: that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sloken and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor.



This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day,

travels intelligible to the stay-at-homes.

A better means of becoming acquainted with the Tibetans and, the country could not be devised than reading this book, unless one is able and willing to undergo the hardships that made Hedin famous and nearly cost him his life on more than one occasion. The book is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Captain N. J. Floyd's forthcoming book, the preparation of which was noted in The Times-Dispatch some months ago, bears the tille of "The Last of the Cavaliers or The American Perli," As is guggested by the sub-title, the work, while threaded on a romance delineating love's tender passion, finds its real object in depicting the viciositudes, problems and environments of the Southern paople. They are pictured, both in peace and war, as "reconstruction," when the Ku-Klux Klans, by willy and ingenious pranks, controlled the lawless elements of society despite the constant encouragement of the dominant military and the ever thrifty and busy "carpet-bagger." No like work which has yet appeared deals so they with the historical phases of the Civil War, and none more vividity depicts the true character and heroism of the American people. Whether or not Captain Floyd has at-shined everlasting fame only time cantell, but that he has made another valuable addition to the fund of American historic romance cannot be doubted.

Who He Was.

Mr. Lightweight (airlly, to conductor)

"I wonder what that shabby old codger
finds so attractive in this direction. He's
been ayeing me for 10 minutes,
Conductor (thoughfully)—I guess he's
wondering how you happen to be traveing on a pass. He's the president of
the road—New York Weekly.

More or Less Personal,

'For my part." observed young Sor-itop, "I sympathize with the Japan-

"The reason for that," spoke up Miss Snappelsh, "may be that you envy the Russians."
"Envy the Russians? Why should I envy them?"

Floor Paints, Best Ready Mixed Paints,

aidendid, magnificent bea; us,"—Chicago Tribune, The Kind We Read Of.

His friend.—You've been forging the name of a prominent individual, eh? who is he?

The Forger.—Well, I'd rather not tell you. He's one of those well-known men who prefer not to have their names used.—Puck.

Chronic Bronchitis and Catarrh of the Bladder Cured in 48 hours.

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"Because they can raise such great,

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"He That Eateth Bread With Me," by H. A. Mitchell

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"Memoirs of a Baby," by Josephine Daskam.
"The Grafters," by Francis Lynde.

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a Married Female," "Benediction, Their Children." \$1.50 Copyright Books, 35c.